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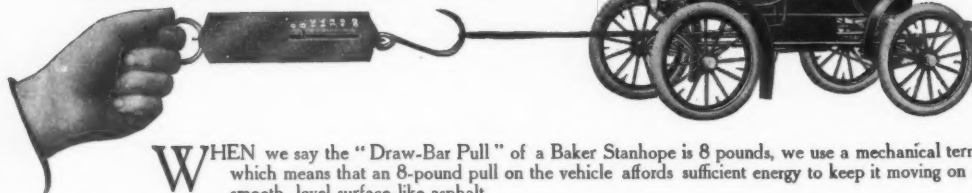
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"EXCUSE ME, MISTER, BUT BILL CAN'T SWIM, AN' HE'LL HAFTER HAVE SOMETHIN' TO KEEP HIM AFLOAT TILL I GITS A ROPE."

Concerning Humor

THE retirement of Sir Francis Burnard from the editorship of *Punch* and the choice of Mr. Owen Seaman as his successor have naturally evoked considerable comment throughout the world. There are many Americans who have been unable to find anything humorous in *Punch*, and who wonder why this is, in view of the fact that England has been the home of the world's greatest humorists. On the other hand, our rather exalted contemporary, the *New York Evening Post*, has come to the sad but imperative conclusion that there are only two humorous journals on the planet, *Punch* and *Fliegende Blaetter*.

We confess that we cannot agree with either of these radical conclusions. There are many extremely funny things in *Punch*, and the supply seems perennial. But *Punch* is a British institution rather than a humorous weekly. It takes a hand in British politics, and it exerts considerable influence on public opinion. Naturally the political humor of the day is transient and local, and hence it makes no appeal to any one but an Englishman or a foreigner who is thoroughly in touch with English politics. We plead guilty to having got many a hearty laugh out of its pages, and it seems to us to have admirably sustained itself during the many years of its existence. Humor is a very useful factor in life, and it is much to the credit of *Punch* that its humor has been employed always in a good cause, and its influence has been exerted in the interest of national betterment.

Fliegende Blaetter is said to be the favorite humorous weekly of the non-Prussian element in Germany. It is not so much given over to politics as *Punch*, and its humor is ordinarily of the sort that is universal. Its skits, translated,

. LIFE .

NECTAR
OF THE
GODS

NECTAR
OF THE
GODS



LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX —GREEN AND YELLOW—

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are almost as keenly enjoyed in this country as they are in Germany. It makes an appeal to the world.

But have we not in this country one humorous weekly that deserves to be ranked with the English and the German humorous papers? What's the matter with LIFE? Isn't LIFE all right? From an artistic standpoint it certainly is without a rival in the world. Some may say that LIFE is light and unsubstantial; but humor is all the more enjoyable for breasting the air on joyous and delicate wings. And behind the smiling face of LIFE there is often a practical purpose. The follies of our society certainly need a satirist. LIFE is not aggressively and brusquely American, but it has fought some good fights for higher literature and a better drama at home. It has touched the point of its rapier to many a harmful humbug. Its wit has been of that rare and excellent quality that appeals to the cosmopolitan taste. It is just as well calculated to raise a laugh on the banks of the Nile as on a Southern plantation or in an Eastern drawing-room. It is never sombre, or ponderous, or dyspeptic. It points out our foibles with a smile. It wields the keen sword of Saladin, never the heavy battle-ax of Richard.

If we were indicted on the charge of thinking that LIFE is the incomparable humorous weekly of the world, we should plead guilty to the indictment and throw ourself on the mercy of the court. There are unquestionably three great humorous weeklies in existence: *Punch*, *Fliegende Blätter* and LIFE, but the greatest of these is LIFE.—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal*.

A Question

IF A PLAID-CLAD caddy laddie's daddy had a fad for adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy be an adder? And if the plaid-clad caddy laddie addled daddy in his adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy make the plaid-clad caddy laddie sadder?—*Harper's Magazine*.

Then He Woke Up

LATIN INSTRUCTOR (to student translating): Don't you think it is pretty near time that you turned the page? You've rendered the first five lines on the next page already.—*The Punch Bowl*.

AN Alabama negro, who has spent several years as a servant in a New York family, returning to his home attempted to instruct members of his family in correct usage, especially in their language. One day at the table his brother said to him: "Gimme some 'lasses, Sam." "You mustn't say 'lasses," corrected Sam. "You must say molasses." "What is you talking 'bout?" grunted his brother. "How's I gwine to say mo' 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?"—*Troy Times*.

BAD SCOTCH

Makes the devil weep for joy, and it makes you feel like the devil the next morning—only you don't weep for joy.

Good Scotch—that is, whisky that is palatable and delicate, and *guaranteed pure* as well, is a health-giving stimulant which none save infants need fear.

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Champagne of the World

THE wine for gentlemen.
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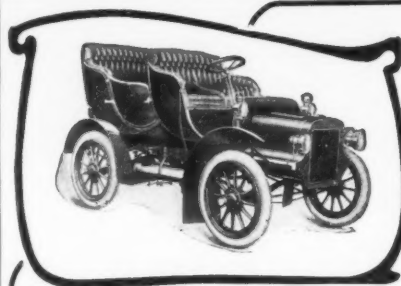
Williams' Shaving Stick

Williams' Shaving Stick is put up in a strong, handsome metal box, covered with maroon leatherette. It is not only the most convenient form for travelers, but is constantly growing in popularity with those who shave themselves at home.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Williams' Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

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Ask your wife to use Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. As someone recently remarked, "If Williams makes it it must be good."



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it is an example of careful motor building—a car behind which stand the name and experience of the largest automobile establishment in the world. Every detail of workmanship and material is wrought with that exactness which accompanies superior skill and up-to-date equipment. This is why the

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LIFE



THOSE APPROPRIATE MISSION LECTURES

"AND REMEMBER, YOU MUST NEVER ACCEPT EXPENSIVE PRESENTS FROM GENTLEMEN."

En Avant



fifty styles of fine footgear are offered, you won't find a shoe

"WHAT we need is not airships, but stockings that will wear."—*Baltimore News*.

Time was when everybody walked, and thought it no disgrace. For then walking was only a degree slower than the quickest means of locomotion, and by that token respectable. But who thinks of walking now? If you go into a shoeshop where

you could walk a mile in without being crippled, and though you call for the best grade of stockings they are worn through the first time you put them on, if you go afoot. Nobody who is anybody is expected to walk any more. Our feet are pretty much useless to us, unless we are romantic girls and can enjoy sitting on them. The trolleys and the devil-wagons have made walking intolerably slow, and the airships, when they come, will doubtless abolish it for good and all. And that is progress. The voice which clamors for stockings that will wear, or shoes that are easy, is a voice out of the past, the echo of dead traditions.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. APRIL 26, 1906. No. 1226.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



MAXIM GORKY, of Russia, has come among us with the desire to fire the American heart with sympathy for revolution in Russia. With him comes **Nicholas**

Tchaykovsky, a veteran patriot who has been scheming for a generation past to get the lid off Russia and make her boil over. These gentlemen want the sympathy of all liberty-loving Americans for the cause they represent, and desire that that sympathy shall take form in current funds. We do not know either of these delegates, but presume that they are worthy men. We have not been much used to foment revolution anywhere, but in common with nearly all the rest of the Americans we are dissatisfied with the condition of Russia and are willing to help put more explosives under her if there is fair promise that it will do her good. Not knowing Citizen Gorky, we have to base our opinion as to his competence as a reformer in great measure on the company he is keeping in this country. It is announced that a committee has been formed to forward his aims which includes Mark Twain, William D. Howells, Robert Collier and Finley Peter Dunne, of New York, and Mrs. Jane Addams, of Chicago. This is indeed a bloodthirsty crew, with which any patriot might be proud to cooperate. But where are Norman Hapgood and Miss Ida Tarbell? Where are Lincoln Phillips, Henry H. Rogers and David Graham Steffens? Shall we not have them also with us if we stand in with Gorky? Theodore Roosevelt must be excused for official reasons (though he may send an anonymous check), but certainly we shall have Jo. Medill Patterson.

This is a new game to us. We never conspired before, with or without a brass band, to upset a government, and we are really flustered whether to make it spades or no trump. What will Mr. Gorky do with our money? Buy arms, no doubt; and maybe dynamite. But then more people will get hurt! We have a choice in the matter; we can take our surplus gold down-town and buy some of the new Russian bonds with it, and enable the Little Father to employ our fellow patriot, Lewis Nixon, to build more Russian gunboats. Whether that will do more or less good than financing Mr. Gorky we do not know. We have supposed that the man best qualified to bring light out of the Russian darkness was Count Witte. But Gorky says Count Witte is a scoundrel. We wish Count Witte and M. Gorky might get together. It would make the path of revolutionary rectitude considerably clearer for us.

Three humorists, a publisher and the good Miss Addams on the committee, Mr. Robert Hunter, press agent, and all the professing Socialists agog, and we are all invited to contribute! Here, truly, is embarrassment! The subscription lists we are used to appear on are headed by Morris K. Jessup, J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles Stewart Smith and Jacob Schiff, and our name appears low down, just above that of Uncle Russell Sage. Are these brothers coming in with us to underwrite Mr. Gorky? Is our judgment to be buttressed by theirs, or must we take such courage as may come from finding ourself in the same syndicate with Emma Goldman?



UPON reflection, these considerations intrude upon our judgment. Mr. Gorky and the other gentleman seem to be of excellent repute in their profession, and will doubtless raise a full dollar's worth of hob in Russia for every dollar paid in. The progress towards constitutional government that the Russian people have made in the last two years has all resulted from raising hob. The Czar evidently has to be kicked every inch of the way we would have him go, and usually he must be kicked several times over the

same ground, because the reactionaries kick him back every inch they can. Money given to Mr. Gorky seems likely to have the effect of helping to keep the Czar near the constitutional goal and put the reactionaries out of the game. We conclude, therefore, that Mr. Gorky's enterprises are more likely to do Russia good than harm and ought to be promoted.

As for the concern that has been felt because the lady who accompanies Citizen Gorky to this country is not so conclusively his wife as she might be if he had not another wife (and children) in Russia—it is not to the point. The use of Gorky is to raise hob. We never noticed that a man raised any less hob for having left his wife and children. You have to take revolutionists as you find them. In the end they settle personally for their personal sins.



THE Senate still labors with the railroad-rates bill, and there is a good prospect that some sort of a measure will be passed. We wish it fell within the province of the Senate to discuss the present Interstate Commerce Commission, and the competence of its several members, in character and ability, to administer the new law when it is perfected.

The separation of former Governor Odell from the management of the Republican Party in New York State is still conspicuously incomplete and growing more so. The Man with the Muck Rake made a poor job of Mr. Odell, who has been so little debilitated by his experiences so far that there is no acceptable New York Republican who is vigorous enough to oust him. This makes New York Republican prospects pretty gloomy.

The tariff-revision idea continues to grow. The tariff as it stands includes huge iniquities which have got to be righted. They have stood so long, and have so intertwined themselves with the established order of business, that it will be impossible to right them without more or less damage and destruction. We shall have to pay the bill for tariff revision just as we had to pay the bill for the extirpation of slavery.



"THINGS THAT AIN'T SO"



Lest We Forget

NATION of Washington,
Sing of the battle won
Over in Jolo:

Trapped in the crater's hell,
Six hundred Moros fell,
Over in Jolo.
Ours had but shot and shell,
Heathen accoutred well
With kries and bolo,
Yet our men shot so well
Not one was left to tell
Tales out of Jolo.

Dauntless and unafraid,
Charged they each dusky maid
And baby Moro.
Unruly "wards," they stood
Fighting with weapons rude,
Yet undismayed did Wood
With a slim multitude
Wade deep in women's blood—
Oh, the great Hero!

Women to right of them;
Old men to left of them;
Infants in front of them
Died as they thundered.
While our ensanguined boys
Slaughtered like Iroquois,
And the world wondered.

God! what a deed it was!
Lord! what a noble cause
Kindled our heroes!
They were but one to one,
Still went they up and on
Slaying with shell and gun,
Till ev'ry soul was gone,
Six hundred Moros!

Charged at by wife and child,
Taunted by striplings wild,
Grandly they thundered.
Theirs not to spare or be
Touched with humanity,
Their task was butchery
Of the Six Hundred.

"Land of the noble free,"
Now is your dignity
Great as of yore;
Now is your prowess known,
Now is your manhood shown—
Eagle of Liberty,
Screech now and soar!

Frederick Manley.

A Correction

Prof. Guenther, of Freiburg University, predicts that the time will come when there will not be water enough remaining on this globe to support human life, —*London Telegraph.*

Oh, come, Professor, put it that there may not always be water enough on earth to support Wall Street and we will discuss it with you.



WHY THEY MARRIED

WHY DID THEY MARRY—DECEMBER AND JUNE,
OLD MERGER AND MAYME-OUT-OF-SCHOOL?
MAYME DIDN'T CARE FOR THOSE READY-MADE FROCKS—
DECEMBER WAS—JUST AN OLD FOOL!

A Fitting Tribute

PHILADELPHIA is about to have a new theatre, dedicated to William Penn, named after that austere Quaker gentleman, and with his statue, in broad-brimmed Quaker hat and long-skirted Quaker coat, decorating its ornate facade.

There is something very harmonious in this connection.

It is a graceful compliment to the city's founder, who held theatres in devout abhorrence, and whose first Assembly forbade all "stage-plays," and "evil sports or games." Early Philadelphians pronounced "play-acting" to be akin to "image-worship," so the image of Penn has a peculiar fitness as the patron saint of the indiscreet drama, and the vivacious musical comedy. Could he have foreseen the honors that were to be thrust upon him, he would have realized the vanity of aspirations.

The example set by Philadelphia might be followed by other cities seeking to honor their representative citizens. Geneva might build a dancing hall and dedicate it to Calvin. Edinburgh might endow a nunnery and place a statue of John Knox above its sacred portals. "The Ruskin Rapid Transit Company" would be a felicitous title for the new London tram service; and Wittemberg might erect a handsome Jesuit seminary as a fitting monument to Luther.

A simple and sincere appropriateness lends distinction to any enterprise, and should insure success

Agnes Repplier.

Explicit

"TELL me," requests the young person, entering the study of the gray-bearded philosopher, "what is the difference between friendship and love?"

The graybearded philosopher studies the table thoughtfully for a moment or two, then replies:

"Friendship, my son, is a mutual understanding; love is a mutual misunderstanding."

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"SHE LOOKS MODERN."

"MODERN!"

"HER GOWN IS CUT SO LOW."

· LIFE ·

Exit Alec

"John Alexander Dowie is down and out. He has been degraded and repudiated by Zion City."



FROM Florida to Salem
His voice is still, alas!
Who slugged the priests of Balaam
And brayed like Balaam's ass,
Disguised to seem a lion,
While no one dared to doubt.
Weep, daughters of new Zion!
Your Fake is down and out.

Where are those sermons recent
Which thundered mental cure,
Whose similes indecent
Taught Zion to be "pure?"
Pray, did the Profit handle
The funds at such a rate
That a Soul Insurance scandal
Made folks investigate?

In vain does Dowie lie on
Concerning Judgment Day.
The Faithful sleep in Zion—
Too poor to get away.
And many a fad-duped fossil
His malediction barks
Against the First Apostle
Among the Easy Marks.

O how the Bunko Prophet
Has felt the scourge of late!
McCurdy's gone to Tophet,
Depew is off the slate,
Boss Durham's reign is ended—
And to complete the joke
Elijah has ascended
In a Chariot of Smoke!

—Wallace Irwin.

The Mother Tongue



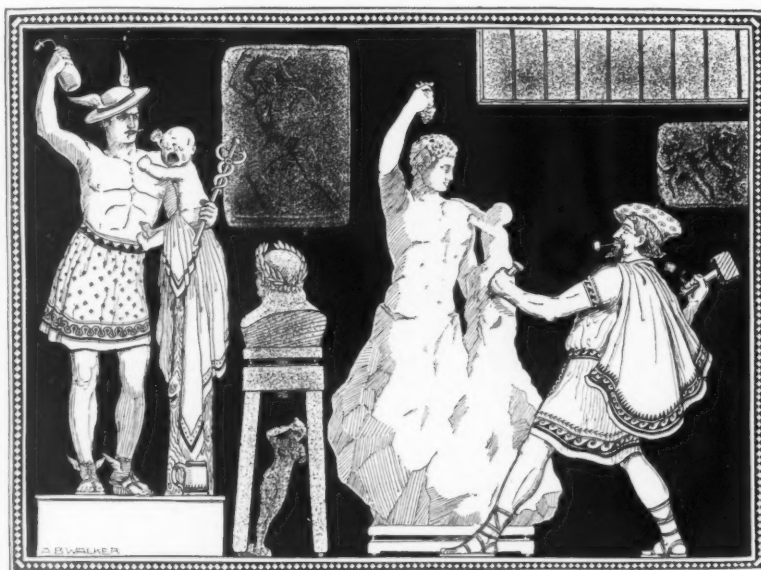
ND the publisher who has lately given up the project of making a complete dictionary, after working fourteen years and spending half a million dollars, does he not merit well of his country?

The King's English has suffered much from the murderous assaults of ignorance, and its survival of these may be put down as something of a wonder. But a greater wonder is that it hasn't been dictionaried to death, and if lexical enterprise has done no worse than make it groggy, that fact is high proof of its native vigor. From Dr. Johnson, a proper pattern of pomposity and affectation and futility, down to the minute pedants whom the modern woods are full of, dictionaries have wrought mostly to crowd the new wine of thought into the old bottles of form, to imprison the Enceladus of the thinking soul under an Ætna of conventionality. Giving them credit for good intentions, and for such good works as, by straining every point, can justly be ascribed to them, they still remain, on the whole, literary nuisances. The letter is potent enough to kill without the help of any more complete dictionaries.

FIRST DOCTOR: Yes, sir, I've had 140 cases of appendicitis.

SECOND DOCTOR: Lose any?

FIRST DOCTOR: Not one—they all paid up.



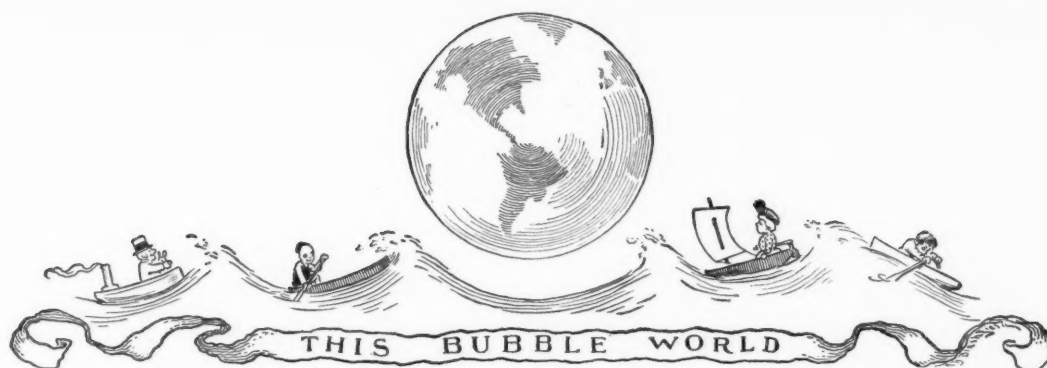
HERMES AND PRAXITELES

Hermes: HURRY UP, PRAXY, I CAN'T HOLD THIS BRAT MUCH LONGER.

Appreciation

THE English critic, who finds in Strauss's descriptive music a power of suggestion which "bites the picture of men into the brain as unerringly as any painting might," is very likely right about it. Anyway, some brains are much softer than others, and if paresis and appreciation go hand in hand, it is no more than has been suspected.

Touching the opinion of the German Emperor, widely quoted, that "Strauss is a wonderful fellow, but he cannot compose, not a bit," nobody doubts that the divine right of kings, if it means anything, means the right to be wrong; and yet, after all, does it properly lie in the mouth of the conductor of the concert of Europe to gird at abstruse harmonies?



A WIDOW named Huggins has sued a New York man for breach of promise.
—*Chicago Journal*.

It doesn't seem quite right to make a man pay for the Huggins he didn't get.

Porto Rico is still demanding American citizenship and an elective Senate.—*Indianapolis News*.

An elective Senate, mind you; not the Aldrich-Platt-Alger kind.

Gen. Ernst says "the glory of Niagara lies in the volume of its water." For the predatory financiers who are seeking cheap power, the glory of Niagara lies in the volume of dividends that it can be made to produce.—*Chicago News*.

Well? Doesn't that mean more water?

A Chair of Politics has been established at Columbia College.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Conveniently located to use Tammany as an awful example.

New York announces that its high art theatre will not be run for profit.—*Chicago News*.

Not unless Herr Conried is the prophet.

Every woman tries her best to make herself attractive.—*Detroit News*.
Evidently the spring lids haven't reached Detroit yet.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to prevent Congressmen from sending furniture by mail under their frank.—*Chicago News*.

Recalling that ex-Governor of New York who, when a Congressman, used to frank his week's washing to Troy and back.

A Georgia Judge has ruled that playing bridge is as much a crime as shooting craps.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

What would happen to our women if the New York police ever got that idea?

That Georgia woman's warm and bright red description of the Carnegie kiss ought to be interesting to the lady's husband.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Likewise the gentleman's wife. Andy would better stick to spelling reform and let the single folks take care of kissing reform.

Henry Coupin, a French scientist and writer, says that fish can sing.—*Rochester Post*.

Next thing some scientist will claim he has heard a codfish ball.

Speaker Cannon says a tariff reform is bound to come.—*Chicago Journal*.

Not as long as there's a cent in sight that the Trusts haven't got.

Witte has evidently made up his mind that there must be a resignation, even if he has to provide it himself.—*Washington Star*.

If Witte and Chauncey could only average up in the matter of resignations!

A New York author figures out that fully 75 per cent. of his fellow-craftsmen are suffering from "writers' cramp."—*Pittsburgh Gazette*.

Located in the neighborhood of the pocketbook.

President Roosevelt must look forward to next year's bear hunt with positive yearning.—*Boston Advertiser*.

He'll find the bob-cats easier than the Senators.

Mr. Bryan's daughter has written a play.—*Rochester Post*.

It is to be hoped she hasn't dramatized her father into a three-act farce.

Henry James calls himself a "frustrated American."—*Chicago News*.

As usual, no one knows exactly what he means, but let us hope it isn't fatal.

Even the Binghamton Press refrained from growling about the trip of Mrs. Roosevelt and her children.—*Buffalo News*.

The chivalry of the newspapers in this matter was remarkable.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST
LOCAL SHOWERS

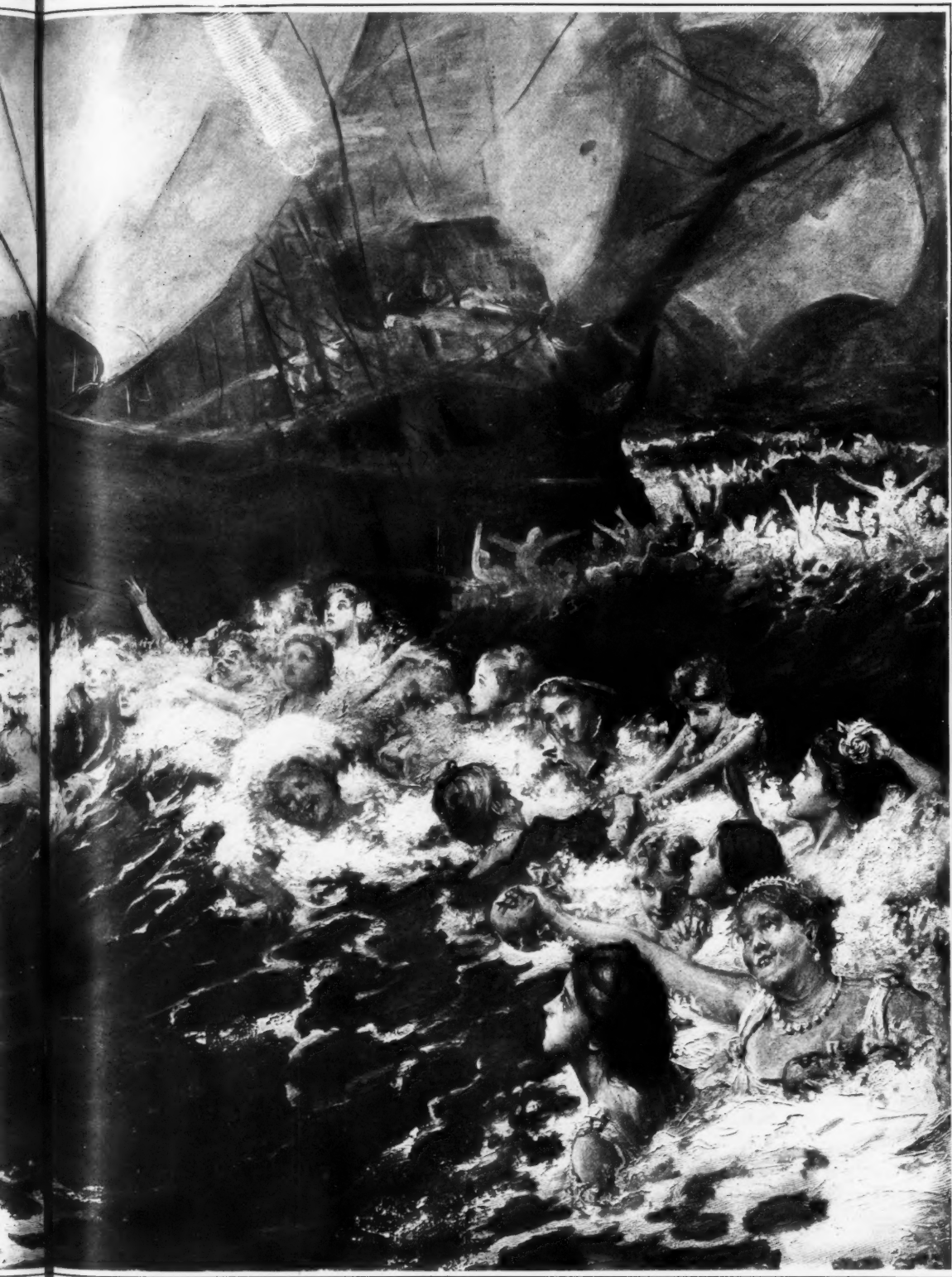
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CAP 10

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CAPIT



The Call to "Arms and the Man"



IN ONE of his interesting prefaces Mr. George Bernard Shaw gives the financial history of "Arms and the Man" in London. The piece ran from April 21 to July 7, and included in the run were nine matinees. The total receipts were a little less than eighteen hundred pounds sterling and the net loss on the production was in the neighborhood of five thousand pounds, which causes Mr. Shaw to reach the sage conclusion that, if all the persons who went to see the play had compressed their patronage into two weeks instead of spreading it over twelve, the result would have been a pecuniary success for the management and more flattering to the vanity of the author.

In both these particulars America has risen superior to the island of Mr. Shaw's adoption. His plays—some of them—have made money, and they have certainly achieved sufficient notoriety to gratify the author's vanity, although not in every instance has that notoriety been of an agreeable kind. Before there had arisen a fad for Shaw in this country, "Arms and the Man" had made a moderate success over here, simply on its merits as a play. It remains to be seen what popular estimation will attend its revival, after the fashionable vogue of "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," and "Man and Superman," and the advertising Mr. Shaw received through the suppression of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Judging by the author's familiarity with the financial side of the question, shown above, the interest in the success of the revival will not be confined entirely to this side of the water.

Inasmuch as "Arms and the Man" is simply a satirical comedy, propounding no social theories and exploiting no social paradoxes, it should naturally appeal to a wider audience than his recently successful plays, particularly as the comedy element is quite as much to the front as the satire. The objects of his fun-making are the trade of the soldier and the feminine tendency to romanticism and hero-worship. It does not require deep thought or great intellectuality to grasp his meanings, he propounds no puzzling questions, and as the author's wit is at its pleasantest, "Arms and the Man" in its entirety is well calculated to provide an agreeable evening's entertainment, not only for Shaw-worshippers, but as well for the theatre-goer who is tired of farce and musical plays.

* * *



HERE is one grave temptation which it is to be hoped Mr. Shaw will resist should this revival of "Arms and the Man" prove successful. The author may still be smarting over the non-reception of "Mrs. Warren" in America, and he may make approval of the present piece excuse for a diatribe on our national lack of discernment. He has been rather quiet of late and an outburst from Mr. Shaw, like one

from Vesuvius, is sure to come, no matter how quiescent and extinct he may appear to be for some time. Besides that, he is having trouble with his copyright arrangements in America, which will give him things to say about our commercial honesty, and the Gorky incident will give him a fine text for a discourse on our national hypocrisy. It is to be hoped that no matter how successful may be this production of his comedy, Mr. Shaw will refrain for the present. We have troubles of our own. The insurance folks, the coal-miners, the United States Senate, the lynchers, the muck-rakers and the grafters are occupying a good deal of our indignation, and just now a shriek of disapproval from Mr. Shaw might be the last straw which would break the back of our national patience. Besides, he and his wares have been pretty thoroughly advertised already.

* * *



MR. SHAW could hardly fail to approve of the present production given to his play by Mr. Daly. The minute stage instructions in which the author delights have been followed with almost absolute fidelity. If he had gone a little bit further and said that artillery and cavalry facings were not indiscriminately mixed up in military uniforms, even in Bulgaria, Mr. Daly would probably not have gone wrong in that minor detail, but even the all-seeing mind of Mr. Shaw could not foresee such a possibility.

Captain Bluntschli was one of Mr. Mansfield's best impersonations and it is difficult not to revert to it in mentioning this play.



WILHELMINA'S BRIDEGROOM FAILED TO SHOW UP AT THE CHURCH
SO SHE YANKED THE DRIVER OFF THE WEDDING HACK,
AND MARRIED HIM IN LIEU OF JOHN, WHO'D LEFT HER IN THE LURCH—
FOR SHE WOULD NOT SEND THE WEDDING PRESENTS BACK!

With the exception of *Nicola*, he is the most normal creature in the story, but even so he is a fantastic person, and Mr. Mansfield's combination of brusqueness and effeminacy were not unsuited to the part. Mr. Daly makes *Bruntschli* a more reasonable creature, although decidedly lacking in the military manner. He also mistakingly usurps the position of the author, who is amused by his own puppets. He should instead lose his identity in the soldier of fortune who knows the world thoroughly enough to see through the shams of the counterfeits about him, but at the same time takes them seriously and interestedly at their own valuation of themselves. Mr. Daly continues to indulge in his fault of slurring important speeches, but his performance is both intelligent and agreeable and will gain finish with increased familiarity.

The cast is an admirable one and has been chosen with unusual care as to the suitability of its members for their respective tasks. Chrystal Herne is the *Raina*. Doubtless under instruction and for the purpose of contrast to the self-contained methods of Mr. Daly's *Bruntschli* she throws too much effort and force into some of her scenes, a fault of exaggeration which should be easily corrected. She also has too little control over her voice, a more serious fault which, in view of the career which seems to lie open to her through her temperament and charm of person, she should seek to correct. Bijou Fernandez in appearance is an ideal *Louka* and scores all the points which neglected, by a less capable actress, would make the part almost a negligible one. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault does a remarkably good piece of comedy acting as *Sergius*. At moments he carries the audience into roars of laughter, with the fun he injects into the part—more than was ever given to it by the author. Mr. Dodson Mitchell makes about all that can be made of *Major Petkoff*, and Mr. John Findlay's *Nicola* is an exquisitely drawn minor character. From the palmy days of comic opera when comic opera was at its best, Isabelle Urquhart comes back to notice in a legitimate part—that of *Catherine Petkoff*—and not only looks the handsome Bulgarian matron, but plays it with distinction.

"Arms and the Man" will appeal not only to those who are followers of Shaw because he has become a fad, but also to those who like his wit, and to that public which will judge him only as a playwright and by his ability to entertain.

* * *

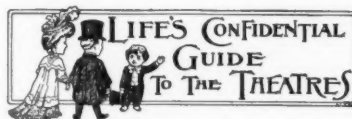


ALL theatre-goers are now expecting to have a speech from the stage by author, star or manager thrown in with the rest of the entertainment, at no additional charge. Sometimes it is the manager having a nightly fling at the critics, or picturesquely and incoherently voicing his gratitude for the box-office receipts; sometimes it is the star unloading a more or less im-

promptu and humorous selection from his store of reminiscence and anecdote, and on first nights it is the reluctant author dragged bashfully from the wings and usually convincing the audience that it would be better to let the artists speak *all* of his lines.

The efforts of the audiences to secure this additional gratuitous entertainment involve preceding curtain-calls for the members of the company. A season or two ago a young woman star who had suddenly jumped into popularity created comment and secured additional calls by the trick of appearing so overwhelmed by the approval of the audience that she could not bow in graceful fashion but could only express her appreciation by angular contortions of the body and jerking nods. It would seem that her example had become universal in the profession, and at present when the curtain goes up repeatedly in response to the applause of the audience it is for the exhibition of more different kinds of awkwardness in the way of bows and scrapings than ever existed, except among ancient mariners brought to the quarter-deck. The curtain-call is an institution which is very much overworked, but, if this mark of approval or favoritism is to be accepted at all, it would seem that it is worth while to do it in a dignified, courteous and graceful way, instead of making it appear like the antics of lost souls in purgatory.

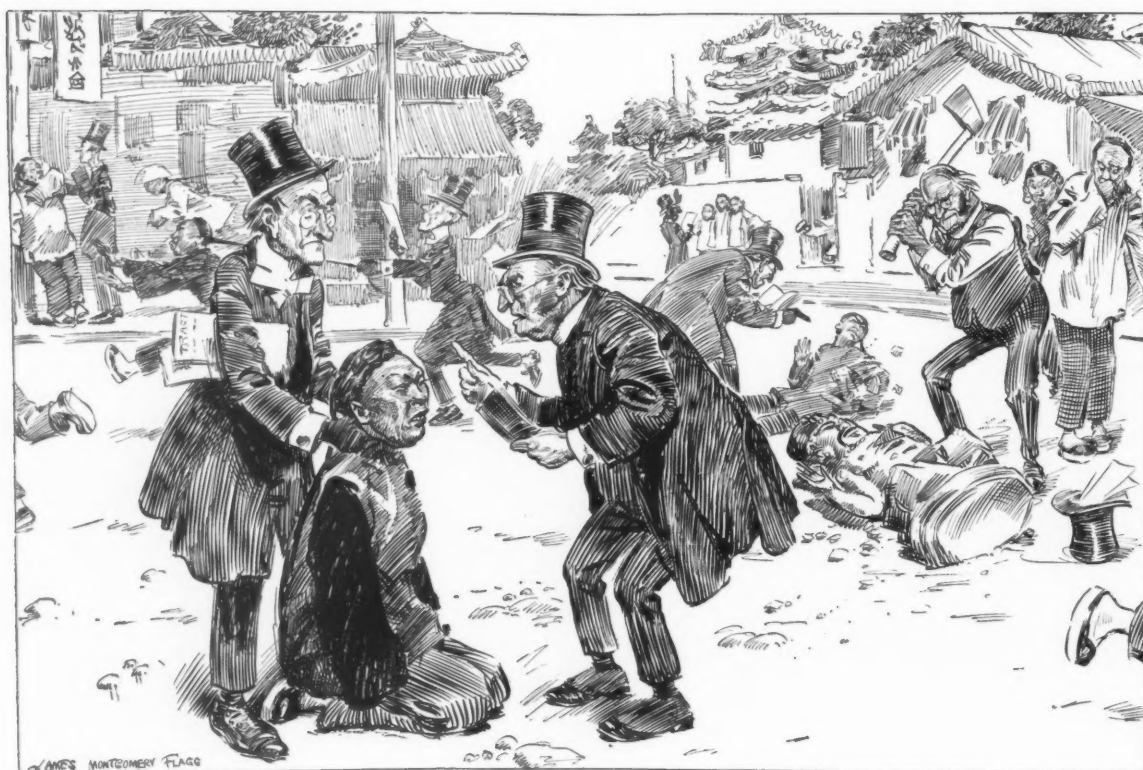
Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit." Chicago wheat speculation in interesting dramatic form.
Belasco—"The Girl of the Golden West." Amusing and exciting drama of the early mining days of California.
Bijou—"The Music Master." Delightfully acted serio-comedy with Mr. David Warfield as the star.
Broadway—"The Vanderbilt Cup." Elsie Janis's clever personality with a background of trash.
Casino—"The Social Whirl." Musical piece of not great value.
Criterion—"The Mountain Climber." Francis Wilson and good company in mediocre farce.
Daly's—"The Optimist." Notice later.
Empire—"Peter Pan." with Maude Adams in the title part. Charming phantasy of child life.
Fields's Theatre—"Mr. Hopkinson." Extremely laughable farce well acted by London company, including Dallas Welford and Annie Hughes.
Garrick—"What the Butler Saw." Notice later.
Herald Square—"George Washington, Jr." The apotheosis of cheap vulgarity.
Hippodrome—Circus, ballet and spectacle on a large scale of gorgeousness.
Hudson—William H. Crane in "The American Lord." Notice later.
Knickerbocker—Herbert and Blossom's "Mlle. Modiste," with Fritz Scheff and excellent company. Clever and musical.
Lyric—Arnold Daly in Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man." See opposite.
Madison Square—"Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Very light comedy. Diverting and well presented.
Majestic—"Zira," with Margaret Anglin as the star. Interesting play with good emotional acting.
Manhattan—"Charley's Aunt." The enduring fun of a good farce. Mrs. Fiske's triple-bill matinees.
Princess—"Brown of Harvard." College boy fun.
Proctor's Fifth Avenue—Stock company in weekly change of bill.
Savoy—"It's All Your Fault." Laughable farce with Master Pincus, the tough newsboy.
Weber's Theatre—Joseph Weber and Marie Dressler and large company in "Twiddle Twaddle" and burlesques. Amusing nonsense.



WHY SOME OF OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS CONSIDER THE SPRING THE SWEETEST TIME OF THE YEAR.



IT'S A POOR RULE THAT



MARGARET POTTER'S detailed and voluminous story of a Russian composer, *The Genius*, considered as a fictitious biography, is amazingly realistic. Her attitude of stating facts is maintained with such complete assurance that we find ourselves accepting even the artistic achievements of her hero as historically indisputable. But considered as interpretive fiction, the book's merits are of a lower order. That which Miss Sinclair so signally achieved in *The Divine Fire*, Margaret Potter has utterly failed to accomplish in *The Genius*. She has, indeed, described a person, but she has not created a personality. We know all about her unhappy Ivan, but we never knew him. As for the supernatural suggestion of the epilogue, which is presumably intended as a connecting link between this story and the next number of her announced "Trilogy of Destiny," it is so purely gratuitous, so speciously unrelated to the rest of the work,

that it may be dismissed with a shrugged shoulder.

The first of the four volumes of Henry Charles Lea's *History of the Inquisition of Spain* is a generous instalment of an important and deeply interesting work. Mr. Lea, although modestly deprecating the impression that any one worker can make upon the superabundant material in the Spanish archives, has nevertheless come from them heavy laden. His style, at once graceful and dignified, is admirable, and to the student of Spanish history, secular as well as ecclesiastical, the book will prove a rich source of illumination.

The eight stories which Henry C. Rowland publishes in *The Mountain of Fears* are among the most insistent and effective of recent attempts at the literary exploiting of horror. They are all concerned with those underlying, primal passions still lurking behind the veil which generations of communal life have woven for the hiding of the brute, and there are two things about them which, over and above the activity of the author's gruesome imagination, make them carry conviction. One is his high

power of visualization and the other his clever obtruding of the psychological rather than the physical aspects of the brutalities which he depicts.

In the five stories of *Old Washington*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, we find ourselves at the opposite extreme of human impulse, where conventions hold sway instead of instincts, and passions have been refined into prejudice. Here, in the backwater of unofficial Washington in the early seventies, we meet little old ladies left over from an older day, little young ladies coming in with the dawn of a new, and the various company of the aftermath of war and social upheaval. Stories of a certain delicate charm if of no very novel or uncommon type.

E. B. Greenshields' volume upon *Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists* is a work which can be read with the greatest benefit by any who are seeking an intelligent understanding of the nature, the sources and the aims of landscape art. It is written by a man of genuine feeling, who quotes intelligently and who expresses his own views in language still unenbalded by the professional critics. It contains a short



DOES NOT WORK BOTH WAYS

history of landscape painting, a discussion of various views of art and appreciations of Bosboom, Israels, Mauve, Weissenbruch and James, Matthew and William Maris.

Mr. Warren Cheney's new story of Russian Alaska, *The Challenge*, shows the effect of another year's assimilative processes upon that writer's researches in the archives of the company, and whatever may have been the real atmosphere of those rough settlements in the days of Russian occupation, Mr. Cheney's conception of it has, since he wrote *The Way of the North*, crystallized and become unconsciously articulate. The result is that this second pretty tale of adventure has about it a touch of personal realization which places it above its predecessor.

The Champagne Standard is a collection of brightly informal essays upon comparative domestic economy, upon local etiquette above and below stairs, and upon other questions of perennial feminine obsession, written by an American woman resident in England. The book, which is by Mrs. John Lane, should, in the humble opinion

of a mere man, be vastly entertaining to his betters.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Genius. By Margaret Potter. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. By Henry Charles Lea. In four volumes. Volume 1. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

A Mountain of Fears. By Henry C. Rowland. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

Old Washington. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists. By E. B. Greenshields. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$2.00.)

The Challenge. By Warren Cheney. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

The Champagne Standard. By Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane Company.)

Saloons Not Appreciated

"I realize," the Rev. Mr. Raymond said, "the saloon is the greatest enemy of the onward march of the Church."—*Daily Paper.*

That is the right state of opinion for a clergyman who, like Mr. Raymond, has resigned his pastorate to become district superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League; but is it so? We think not. We favor the opinion that the saloon is no more than a hurdle in the pathway of the church; just a healthy obstacle, fit to

make the church's onward march somewhat more strenuous. If there were no saloons would the church have a walk-over? Not a bit! In Scotland, a country where saloons abound, the church is very vigorous. The best field for the church is the sinfulness of the field. Isn't that so, Mr. Raymond? A live church should thrive on competition and grow fat on saloons.

Her Whereabouts

JINKS: How's your wife?

BINKS: My wife is lost to sight, to memory dear.

JINKS: Why, my dear fellow, I never heard your wife was dead!

BINKS: She isn't. I'm paying her fifty dollars a week alimony.

Variety

SHE: Don't you get tired of this modern life, with its heartburnings, its longings, its cruel disappointments, its unutterable inadequacy?

HE: Oh, yes. But always just about that time some new girl comes along.



TROUBLES

A string around your finger worn
Will memory abet;
A string around a fishing rod
Will help you to forget.—*New York Sun*

AN OLD FRIEND

The late Sims Reeves was fond of telling a story that related to an early engagement in Glasgow, which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the program was "Hail, Smiling Morn." and of course Mr. Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.

The whole matter was settled hurriedly. Mr. Reeves was at first disinclined to accept, as other engagements prevented him from reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir.

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir," said the agent. "You will find the choir perfect."

The concert was a success, and in due course "Hail, Smiling Morn" was called for. When the soloist came to the lines requiring an echo he delivered them in his best manner—"At whose bright presence darkness flees away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch: "Flees awa', flees awa'!"

Yet Sims Reeves averred that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked over the matter with a bailie after the concert, the good man assured him:

"That's just nothing at all. You were a little wrong in your pronunciation and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."—*Exchange*.

IDENTIFIED

A. G. Hales, the war correspondent, writing in *London Opinion* and *To-Day* on the unequal talent to be found in the House of Commons, tells a story he heard of a coxcomb who was once mistaken for Bernard Shaw. He and Mr. Shaw were once in the same Turkish bath, lying on slabs, with towels over their faces. The attendant came along and touched the coxcomb on the shoulder. "Ready, Mr. Shaw?" he said. The coxcomb bounded to his feet, all aglow with pleasure at being mistaken for a man of intellect. After he had been rubbed down he gave the attendant half a sovereign, for so full was he of the pride that goeth before a fall. As he turned to go he said: "Er—my man—er—what made you mistake me for Bernard Shaw?" The attendant grinned. "Er—well, sir, you see, sir, you 'ave the same sized feet."—*New York Tribune*.

UP TO DATE

LINCOLN'S DAY ORATOR: Yes, my friends, Lincoln, our greatest president, started life as a rail-splitter.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD: Did he belong to the union?—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

"Yes," said Colonel Kaintuck, "the first time I drank whisky I suppose I made a wry face, but after that it grew on me."

"The rye face?" interrupted Sharpley; "yes, indeed, it did."—*Philadelphia Press*.



Cholly: YOU HAVE YOUR SISTER'S COMPLEXION.

Johnny: OH, NO; WATER'LL SPOIL HERS, AND I KIN WASH MY FACE ALL I WANT AN' IT WON'T COME OFF.

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please."

"It's no use, doctor," replied the patient, "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."—*Exchange*.

A GIFT-HORSE

"It's no use finding fault with what's given you, even if it isn't what you wanted," said Miss Palma Sawyer, adding enigmatically, "and sometimes, after all, it turns out to be."

"Illustration, aunty, at once!" cried Miss Palma's niece, who had long since grown accustomed to her methods of speech.

"Well," said the old lady, "I thought Mrs. Lane would give me an amethyst brooch for Christmas. It would have just fitted out my black silk, and she'd asked me, and I'd as much as said; but there, when I had my mouth all made up for that pin, if she didn't go and give me a red and green afghan instead!"

"O aunty, when your own work is so much better than anything she does!" groaned the niece.

"S-sh!" whispered Miss Palma. "It's a terrible homely one, but it's extra size. She never comes here, you know, so next fall I shall grow one o' those fall cosmos bushes, cover it up nights with that afghan, sell the blooms to Willy Green, that's wanted me to grow one the last three years for his stand in Boston, and buy me an amethyst brooch with the money for it."

"Anyway, I kind of mistrust Mrs. Lane's taste in brooches, so you see I'm fixed out just complete!"—*Youth's Companion*.

PLAYED IT UP TO LIFE

Two little boys were playing "railroad" yesterday. One was Choctaw and the other Rock Island. The game was arranged so that each train should go around a certain number of blocks and meet at a certain corner.

The Choctaw boy started out and went choo-chooing on his way. When he arrived at the "station" the Rock Island train was nowhere in sight, so he kept on to the place of starting where he found the other boy calmly sitting as he left him.

"S'matter with ye?" yelled the Choctaw lad, angrily. "Ain't ye goin' to play?"

"Course I am," replied the Rock Island train, "but I'm nine hours late."—*El Paso American*.

What a venal, mercenary world is this! While waiting for a train the other day at a country station we saw an elderly porter pick up a country girl's dress-basket—a girl going to her first place in "service," probably—and find a seat for her in the "local line" rattler. After he had shut the door, and she had seated herself, he put his hand through the window for the customary tuppence. The girl, not being acquainted with the art of tipping, however, shyly grasped the horny paw and shook it, and as the train started said, timidly, "Good-bye, sir, and thank you!" With one muttered word, which we are happy to have missed, the sordid wretch shuffled back to the lamp-room, while the maiden was borne away, all unconscious of having made her first enemy in a mostly unkind world.—*Sporting Times*.

Love had just laughed at the locksmith.

"Why don't you laugh at the milliner and the landlord and the grocer?" asked a bystander.

"Because," replied Love, "they always make me feel mighty serious."—*Houston Post*.

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EVERY man, woman, and child in America is invited to join this Association, which has been organized to convert the Lincoln Birthplace Farm into a National Park to honor the memory of our great War President. Lincoln stands next to Washington as our greatest citizen. In honor of Washington we have Mount Vernon. In honor of Lincoln let us have a National Lincoln Park.

The Lincoln Farm Association, with headquarters at New York, is now composed of some three thousand patriotic citizens, all of whom have already contributed to the Park Fund. The Association now has possession of the Birthplace Farm, and has also purchased the old Lincoln Cabin, which was in the hands of a speculator.

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MADE THE BEAR WORK

Bill Winters is one of the heroes who uses his wit to save his strength. During a camping trip in the Maine woods Bill was easily the laziest man in the party.

Finally his exasperated comrades told him that if he did not kill something besides time they would pack him off home.

The next morning Bill borrowed a rifle and went off up the mountain. Two hours later the men in camp saw Bill running down again as fast as he could come, and close behind him was a bear. The men watched the chase with loaded rifles ready. On reaching camp Bill turned and shot the bear.

When the men could stop laughing, one of them said, "Bill, what on earth possessed you to run that distance, with the bear so close, when you might have killed him on the hill and saved your breath?"

Bill smiled slowly. "What's the use of killing a bear in the mountains and lugging him in when you can run him in?" he asked.—*Boston Herald.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

HOW THE BOY FOOLED THEM

There is a good story told of a man who has become a most successful merchant. A few years ago he was employed as an office boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very "shaky," and was told to get the money at all hazards. The debtors gave the lad a check for \$250. He went to the bank at once to cash it, and was told by the cashier that there was not enough funds in to meet it.

"How much short?" asked the lad.

"Seven dollars," was the answer.

It lacked but a minute or two of the time for the bank to close. The boy felt in his pockets, took out \$7, and, pushing it through the window, said, "Put that to the credit of Blank & Co."

The cashier did so, whereupon the boy presented the check and got the money. Blank & Co. failed the next day and their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found out the trick that had been played upon them.—*Bamberg Herald.*

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OF COURSE NOT

The rector was showing us through the Sabbath School. "And where is the infant class?" we thoughtlessly inquired. "Ours is a very fashionable congregation," sighed the good man in reply. "Alas, we have no infants."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

It was at the Port Arthur siege, during the assault on the celebrated Hundred and Three Metre Hill, which cost so many men to the Japanese. Before surrendering to certain death a regiment held until then in reserve, General Nogi, addressing the colonel, said: "Your regiment is the first in the world!"

"General," replied the officer bravely, "it will be the first in the other!"—*The Argonaut.*

For real democracy one has to look to the presidents of France. M. Fallières, since his elevation to that exalted office, has been criticised for his simple taste in neckwear. A blue butterfly of the machine-made variety, the kind that is fastened to the collar with an elastic band, has pleased M. Fallières for thirty years, and there is to be no change in style. Are we to judge France by her novels or her presidents?—*New York Tribune.*

A letter has been received by Postmaster T. H. Baker, of Louisville, Ky., from a clergyman of Rutland, Vt., asking him to send the names of "the unsaved men and women" in Louisville. The writer said that he felt called upon to do what he could to redeem the people of that city. Postmaster Baker sent the city directory.—*The Argonaut.*

THE DOCTOR (to patient as he comes round): My dear sir, I hardly know how to tell you, but I've cut off the wrong leg. —*The Tatler (London).*



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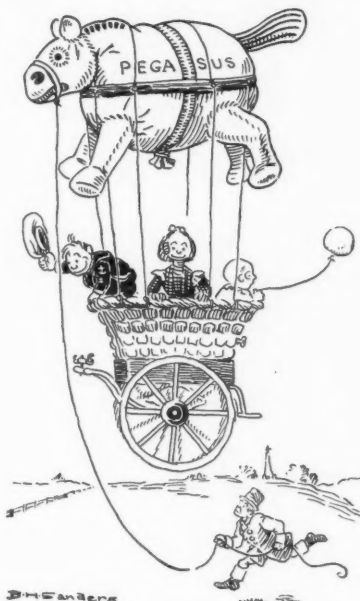
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Too Destructive

"DID I ever see General Grant!" exclaimed Veteran Kilgore in response to an idle query. "Did I ever—why, child, at Shiloh I was a-layin' in th' tall grass a-shootin' jest as fast as I could load an' fire, when I heard hoss tracks approachin' an' a voice calls from th' road:

"Hey, there, ain't that you, Kilgore?"

"I knowed th' voice instant an' says, 'Yes, Grant, it's me,' an' kep' right on shootin'.

"Come here," he says.

"I riz, reluctant, an' santered over to th' road an' Grant says t' me:

"Kilgore," he says, 'I want ye t' go home. Ye're killin' too durn many people.'"—Chicago News.

The perfect cracker for the perfect dinner

Boss' Medium Hard Water Cracker

at Park & Tilford's
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and all leading grocers



THERE'S just one distinctly American drink—that's a cocktail. Just one good cocktail—that's a CLUB COCKTAIL.

That's saying a lot—but consider. CLUB COCKTAILS scientifically embody the results of long experience in mixing perfect cocktails. An exact formula—proven to be just right—rich old liquors carefully blended and wood-aged to mellowness.

Make one clear call for CLUB COCKTAIL.



Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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12 Blades, 24 Edges
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Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades \$5.00.

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Standard combination set with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders \$7.50.

Other combination sets in silver and gold, up to \$50.00.

Standard packages of 10 blades with 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers, at the uniform price of 50 cents.

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as seen by two members of the editorial staff of THE INDEPENDENT who have just returned from the Isthmus, is described in the weekly issues of that magazine. The articles are fully illustrated by numerous photographs taken on the spot showing actual conditions in the Canal Zone. The six numbers containing these articles (regular price, 10 cents each) will be sent to any address by THE INDEPENDENT, 130 Fulton St., New York, on receipt of

25 CENTS

Her Curiosity Aroused

IT was the Mayor of a Western city who received the following letter of inquiry from a Boston woman:

"Kind and respected Sir: I see in a paper that a man named John Sipes was attacked and set up by a bare whose cubs he was trying to git when the she bare come up and stooped him by eatin him up in the mountaines near your town. What I want to know is did it kill him or was he only partly et up and is he from this place and all about the bare. I don't know but what he is a distant husband of mine. My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war but the name of the man the bare et being the same I thought it might be him after all an I ought to know it if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare for I have been married twice since and there ought to be divorce papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat him all up. If it is him you will know it by him having six toes on the left foot. He also sings base an has a spread eagle tattooed on his front chest and a ankor on his right arm which you will know him by if the bare did not eat up these sines of its being him. If alive don't tell him I am married to Joe White for he never liked Joe. Mebbe you'd better let on as if I am ded but find out all you can about him without his knowing anything what it is for. That is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did I don't see as you can do anything and you needn't take no trouble. My respects to your family and please ancer back.

"P.S. Was the bare killed? Also was he married again and did he leave any propty with me laying claims to?"—*Detroit News.*

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CALLER: Have you ever known any cures effected by what they call suggestion?

MRS. HEWJAMS: Oh, yes; I once cured Willie of a violent toothache by suggesting that he go to the dentist's and have the tooth extracted.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Didn't Describe Him

"I SAW you buying drinks for Graphter the other day. He's a regular sponge, isn't he?"

"Not much. There's such a thing as getting a sponge full."—*Philadelphia Press.*

NO MAN is as bad as some other man thinks he is, or as good as some woman knows he is.—*Chicago Daily News.*



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WITH YOUR KIND ATTENTION, TO
REMOVE A HEART—

—FROM THIS YOUNG LADY'S
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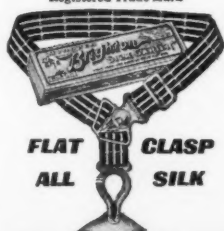
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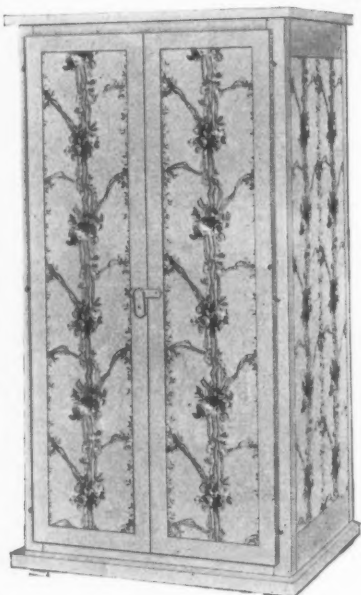
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We decorate it daintily in any style you desire."
Size of cabinet, { 58 in. high, 30 in. wide
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STATE if you want the Town and Country Clothes Cabinet for women's gowns, men's suits or both, and we will select proper hangers. On receipt of draft or express money order we will ship the cabinet f.o.b. New York or Chicago. If the Cabinet is not absolutely satisfactory, return it, and we will refund the price.

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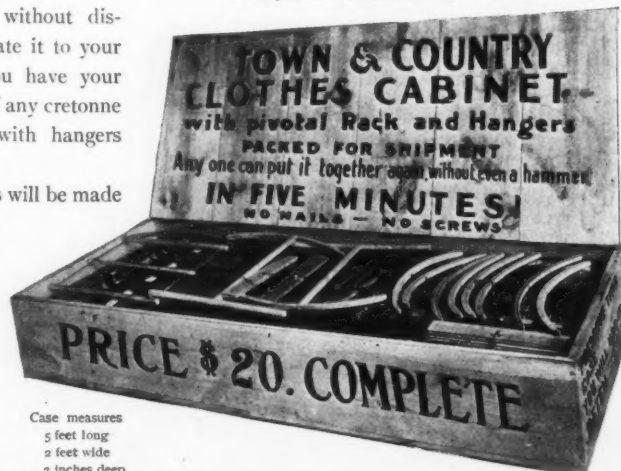
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